

FRIDAY THE 13th

By Thomas W. Lawson

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CHAPTER II.—Continued.

I did not argue with him, for, after that Saturday's outburst, I had made up my mind to avoid stirring Bob up unnecessarily. Also, I had to admit to myself that the things he had then said had raised some uncomfortable thoughts in me, thoughts that made me glance less confidently now and then at the old sign of Randolph & Randolph and at the big ledger which showed that I, an ordinary citizen of a free country, was the absolute possessor of more money than a hundred thousand of my fellow beings together could accumulate in a lifetime, although each had worked harder, longer, more conscientiously, and with perhaps more ability than I.

As to how Beulah Sands' code had affected my friend, I was ignorant. For the first time in our association I was completely in the dark as to what he was doing stockwise. Up to that Saturday I was the first to whom he would rush for congratulations when he struck it rich over others on the exchange, and he invariably sought me for consolation when the boys "upper-cut him hard," as he would put it. Now he never said a word about his trading. I saw that his account with the house was inactive, that his balance was about the same as before Miss Sands' advent, and I came to the conclusion that he was resting on his oars and giving his undivided attention to her account and the execution of his commissions. His handling of the business of the house showed no change. He still was the best broker on the floor. However, knowing Bob as I did, I could not get it out of my mind that his brain was running like a mill-race in search of some successful solution of the tremendous problem that must be solved in the next three months.

Shortly after the October 1 statements had been sent out, Bob dropped in on Kate and me one night. After she had retired and we had lit our cigars in the library he said:

"Jim, I want some of that old-fashioned advice of yours. Sugar is selling at 110, and it is worth it; in fact it is cheap. The stock is well distributed among investors, not much of it floating round 'the street.' A good big buying movement, well handled, would jump it to 175 and keep it there. Am I sound?"

I agreed with him. "All right. Now what reason is there for a good, big, stiff uplift? That tariff bill is up at Washington. If it goes through, sugar will be cheaper at 175 than at 110."

Again I agreed. "Standard Oil" and the sugar people know whether it is going through, for they control the senate and the house and can induce the president to be good. What do you say to that?"

"O. K.," I answered. "No question about it, is there?"

"Not the slightest."

"Right again. When 26 Broadway gives the secret order to the Washington boss and he passes it out to the grafters, there will be a quiet accumulation of the stock, won't there?"

"You've got that right, Bob."

"And the man who first knows when Washington begins to take on sugar is the man who should load up quick and rush it up to a high level. If he does it quickly, the stockholders, who now have it, will get a juicy slice of the ripening melon, a slice that otherwise would go to those greedy hypocrites at Washington, who are always publicly proclaiming that they are there to serve their fellow countrymen, but who never tire of expressing themselves to their brokers as not being in politics for their health."

"So far, good reasoning," I commented.

"Jim, the man who first knows when the senators and congressmen and members of the cabinet begin to buy sugar, is the man who can kill four birds with one stone: Win back a part of Judge Sands' stolen fortune; increase his own little pile against the first of January, when, if the little Virginian lady is short a few hundred thousand of the necessary amount, he could, if he found a way to induce her to accept it, supply the deficiency; fatten up a good friend's bank account a million or so, and do a right good turn for the stockholders who are about to be, for the hundredth time, bled out of profit rightfully theirs."

Bob was afire with enthusiasm, the first I had seen him show for three months. Seeing that I had followed him without objection so far, he continued:

"Well, Jim, I know the Washington buying has begun. All I know I have

dug out for myself and am free to use it any way I choose. I have gone over the deal with Beulah Sands, and we have decided to plunge. She has a balance of about \$400,000, and I am going to spread it thin. I am going to buy her 20,000 shares and take on 10,000 for myself. If you went in for 20,000 more, it would give me a wide sea to sail in. I know you never speculate, Jim, for the house, but I thought you might in this case go in personally."

"Don't say anything more, Bob," I replied. "This time the rule goes by the board. But I will do better; I'll put up a million and you can go as high as 70,000 for me. That will give you a buying power of 100,000, and I want you to use my last 50,000 shares as a lifter."

I had never speculated in a share of stock since I entered the firm of Randolph & Randolph, and on general, special, and every other principle was opposed to stock gambling, but I saw

for the Sunday was for them by \$1175, at which price the Sands would be \$1,175,000. Bob was beside himself with joy. He dined with Kate and me, and as I watched him my heart almost stopped beating at the thought—"If anything should happen to upset his plans!" His happiness was pathetic to witness. He was like a child. He threw away all the reserve of the past three months and laughed and was grave by turns. After dinner, as we sat in the library over our coffee, he leaned over to my wife and said:

"Katherine Randolph, you and Jim don't know what misery I have been in for three months, and now—will tomorrow never come, so I may get into the whirl and clean up this deal and send that girl back to her father with the money! I wanted her to telegraph the judge that things looked like she would win out and bring back the relief, but she would not hear of it. She is a marvelous woman. She has not turned a hair to-day. I don't think her pulse is up an eighth to-night. She has not sent home a word of encouragement since she has been here, more than to tell her father she is doing well with her stories. It seems they both agreed the only way to work the thing out was 'whole hog or none,' and that she was to say nothing until she could herself bring the word 'saved' or 'lost.' I don't know but she is right. She says if she should raise her father's hopes, and then be compelled to dash them, the effect would be fatal."

Bob rushed the talk along, flitting from one point to another, but invariably returning to Beulah Sands and to



"I Have Gone Over the Deal with Beulah Sands, and We Are Going to Plunge."

how Bob had worked it out, and that to make the deal sure it was necessary for him to have a good reserve buying power to fall back on it, after he got started, the "System" masters, whose game he was butting in to and whose plans he might upset should try to shake down the price to drive him out of their preserves. Bob knew how I looked at his proposed deal and ordinarily would not have allowed me to have the short end of it, but so changed had he become in his anxiety to make that money for the Virginians that he grabbed at my acceptance.

"Thank you, Jim," he said, fervently, and he continued: "Of course, I see what's going through your head, but I'll accept the favor, for the deal is bound to be successful. I know your reason for coming in is just to help out, and that you won't feel badly because your last 50,000 shares will be used more as a guarantee for the deal's success than for profit. And Miss Sands could not object to the part you play, as she did at the underwriting, for you will get a big profit anyway."

Next day sugar was lively on the exchange. Bob bought all in sight and handled the buying in a masterly way. When the closing gong struck, Beulah Sands had 20,000 shares, which averaged her 115; Bob and I had 30,000 at an average of 125, and the stock had closed 133 bid and in big demand. Miss Sands' 20,000 showed \$340,000 profit, while our 30,000 showed \$210,000 at the closing price. All the houses with Washington wires were wildly scrambling for sugar as soon as it began to jump. And it certainly looked as though the shares were good

morrow and its saving profits. Finally, he got to a pitch where it seemed as though he must take off the lid, and before Kate or I realized what was coming he placed himself in front of us and said:

"Jim, Kate, I cannot go into to-morrow without telling you something that neither of you suspect. I must tell some one, now that everything is coming out right and that Beulah is to be saved; and whom can I tell but you, who have been everything to me?—I love Beulah Sands, surely, deeply, with every bit of me. I worship her, I tell you, and to-morrow, to-morrow if this deal comes out as it must come, and I can put \$1,500,000 into her hands and send her home to her father, then, then, I will tell her I love her, and Jim, Kate, if she'll marry me, good-by, good-by to this hell of dollar-hunting, good-by to such misery as I have been in for three months, and home, a Virginia home, for Beulah and me." He sank into a chair and tears rolled down his cheeks. Poor, poor Bob, strong as a lion in adversity, hysterical as a woman with victory in sight.

The next day sugar opened with a wild rush: "25,000 shares from 140 to 152." That is the way it came on the tape, which meant that the crowd around the sugar-pole was a mob and that the transactions were so heavy, quick and tangled that no one could tell to a certainty just what the first or opening price was; but after the first lull, after the gong, there were officially reported transactions aggregating 25,000 shares and at prices varying from 140 to 152. I was over on the floor to see the scramble, for it

was raised about 1000 shares in 10 minutes that sugar would open with, and then, 2000 shares in 10 minutes Bob should have a good day.

A minute before the gong struck, there were 300 men jammed around the sugar-pole; men with set, white, mixed faces; men with their coats buttoned tight and shoulders thrown back for the rush to which, in comparison, that of a football team is child's play. Every man in that crowd was a picked man, picked for what was coming. Each felt that upon his individual powers to keep a clear head, to shout loudest, to forget nothing, to keep his feet, and to stay as near the center of the crowd as possible, depended his "floor honor," perhaps his fortune, or, what was more to him, his client's fortune. Nearly every man of them was a college graduate who had won his spurs at athletics or a seasoned floor man whose training had been even more severe than that of the college campus. When it was known before the opening of the exchange that there are to be "things doing" in a certain stock, it is the rule to send only the picked floor men into the crowd. There may be a fortune to make or to lose in a minute or a sliver of a minute. For instance, the man who that morning was able to snatch the first 5,000 shares sold at 140 could have resold them a few minutes afterward at 152 and secured \$50,000 profit. And the man who was sent into the crowd by his client to sell 5,000 shares at the "opening" and who got but 140, when the price would be 152 by the time he reported to his customer, was a man to be pitied. Again, the trader who the night before had decided that sugar had gone up too fast, and who had "shorted" (that is, sold what he did not have, with the intention of repurchasing at a lower price than he sold it for) 5,000 shares at 140 and who, finding himself in that surging mob with sugar selling at 152, could only get out by taking a loss of \$50,000, or by taking another chance of later paying 162—such a trader was also to be pitied.

"26 Broadway" is the Wall street figure of speech for "Standard Oil," which has its home there.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SQUAW A NEAT HOUSEKEEPER.

She Must Live in a Tent, However, to Prove This.

Put the squaw in a tepee and she is the neatest of housekeepers, says the Denver Republican. Everything in one of these big, roomy tents is in apple-pie order. The blankets are neatly rolled and stowed away under the edge of the tepee, leaving the center clear. Bright-colored blankets and fine fur robes are spread about; and a wonderfully beaded dance drum hangs from one of the poles. But, on the other hand, put a squaw in a house and she is anything but a success. Go into one of these frame houses and you will find the mattresses laid along the floor, with the whole family sprawling thereon. The cracked cook stove will be in the middle of the floor, with anything but agreeable odors coming therefrom while the meal is in progress. Outside the bedsteads and springs will be used as chicken roosts. But the squaw doesn't let her housekeeping shortcomings worry her. When she puts on an elk-tooth robe, valued at anything from \$1,000 to \$3,000, and rides to the fair or to the agency on a Sunday astride a beaded saddle, she is a picture of contentment that any of her white sisters might envy.

Keyhole Tenure in England.
The curious custom of keyhole tenure still prevails at Crowland, the famous abbey town in the Lincolnshire fens, where there are a number of cottages which are neither copyhold, freehold nor leasehold. They were originally built on waste land, and in each case the possessor of the key holds an undisputed tenancy. Although some of the occupiers have replaced the mud and thatched dwellings of antiquity with brick and slated buildings, they have no power to sell or will them away, for they have no deeds. On a tenant dying the first person to cross the threshold takes his place, if he so desires. Many devices have been resorted to to obtain the keys. The properties carry a county vote, but the poor law guardians always refuse to grant relief to the tenants.—London Globe.

Growing Old.
It is ten p. m. They are seated in the parlor. "No," she says, bowing her head; "Pa says I am too young to become engaged." It is just 1:30 a. m. They are still seated in the parlor. Suddenly, from somewhere upstairs, a gruff voice shouts: "Henrietta, if that fellow waits a little longer you'll be old enough to accept his proposal!"—Woman's Home Companion.

Women always feel the deepest pity for the happy woman who would be unhappy if she knew the truth about her husband.

The best preparation for the future is the present well seen to.—George MacDonald.

OF NEW YORK CITY

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MRS. ALINE DEPASSE.

Mrs. Aline DePasse, 776 E. 165th St., New York, N. Y., writes:

"It gives me pleasure to testify to the curative qualities of Peruna and Manalain."

"I was afflicted for over seven years with catarrh of the head, throat and digestive organs. I consulted many physicians, but they did me no good."

"One day I happened to read some testimonials in your Peruna Almanac. I decided to try Peruna and Manalain. I bought a bottle of each, and after taking them for a week I noticed a change for the better. So I kept it up, and after using twelve bottles I was perfectly cured."

"I also gave the medicine to my children and they had the same beneficial result. I would never be without these remedies in the house."

"I highly recommend Peruna and Manalain to all my friends, and in fact to everybody."

Miss Mildred Grey, 110 Weimar St., Appleton, Wis., writes:

"It gives me pleasure to recommend Peruna for catarrh of the stomach. I had this disease for a number of years, and could not enjoy a mouthful of food that I ate. It was indeed a great relief when I hit upon Peruna, and obtained decided results from the first. I took six bottles before I felt entirely cured of my trouble, but I had an aggravated case."

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